

## SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning—Evening—Sunday.

JOHN HENRY ZUVER, Editor.

GABRIEL R. SUMMERS, Publisher.

## The Paper That Does Things

ONLY ASSOCIATED PRESS MORNING FRANCHISE PAPER IN NORTHERN INDIANA AND ONLY PAPER ENTERING THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE IN SOUTH BEND. No other newspaper in the state protected by two leased wire—night and day—news services; also only eight-column paper in state outside Indianapolis. Published every day of the year and twice on all days except Sunday and holidays. Entered at the South Bend postoffice as second class mail.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1916.

## HUMANIZING THE WEATHER REPORTS.

The Philadelphia Public Ledger finds fault with the weather department for the lack of human appeal in its forecasts. It wants the weather bureau officials to understand that they are not merely shooting prophecies into space, but "they are forecasting for human beings, millions of them, who wish to use the forecasts in their business and social relationships, particularly at this time of the year in their holidays, but are unable to do so on account of the scientific vagueness in which, without any real meteorological reason for it, the forecasts are so often phrased."

The point is well taken. What does the ordinary citizen know about "high pressure areas" and "low pressure areas"? What does the percentage of humidity or the barometric reading signify to him? Of what utility is the "scientifically vague" statement that it will be "partly cloudy," when nothing is said about the probable temperature?

The citizen for whom these announcements are presumably intended wants to know whether it's going to be wet or dry, whether it's going to be hot or cool. That's about all there is to it. And his natural curiosity, which the federal weather bureau is paid to minister to, is seldom satisfied by simple, clear and definite statements.

There is much to be said, too, for the criticism that city folk have been neglected in favor of the farmers and navigators. It is highly important, of course, to send out storm warnings for the protection of ships and crops. But couldn't the weather department do a little more for the tens of millions of city folk who would welcome more helpful weather hints in arranging their work and play—particularly their play?

## THE "KICK-OFF" AND THE "GOAL."

With the lapse of two years since the war in Europe began; with a larger knowledge of the causes throughout the world; with underlying conditions somewhat unveiled and taken into account—few people still believe that it was all started by one man; nay, not even by the Kaiser, nor the crown prince. It was the spontaneous combustion of an ideal. It is impossible to hold any individual responsible for it—or any group of individuals, or any nation or group of nations. So vast a struggle is explainable only by the collision of irreconcilable human forces.

It must have its origin far back in history. It cannot be accidental, for either a belief in God or a belief in scientific order precludes accident.

Why was it doomed to come? What is it all about? What is the result to be? Only partial and doubtful answers can be given now. It was half a century or more before the significance of the French revolution was realized. This war may have even more meaning for mankind than that great upheaval. The conviction grows that it was born of the same causes and is working to the same end.

From the beginning of history there have been two rival forces at work in human society. They are autocracy and democracy, "divine right" and public right, the principle of domination by self-appointed rulers and the principle of individual liberty. The conflict of these two forces has caused nearly all revolutions and most of the great wars.

Anybody who reads history carefully can see the slow growth of democracy through all the ages—not continuous, but in the slow swinging of the pendulum of human rights, always sinking back, but never all the way back, and always on the return stroke going a little farther toward the goal of individual freedom. Or perhaps a truer figure is the ascending spiral, representing the slow upward climb of humanity, that never shows until a new turn of the circle is complete.

Perhaps the human race, even now, is completing the greatest and highest turn of the spiral of democracy.

There has been much talk, since the war began, of its being a struggle between the forces of autocracy on the one hand, as represented by Germany and Austria, and of democracy on the other, as represented by France and Great Britain. Undoubtedly there is a preponderance of democracy with the allies, and of medieval tyranny with the central empires. And most neutrals agree that the allies have a moral right to victory. But there is infinitely more at stake than the mere triumph of the democratic group of belligerents.

The allies are, at best, merely the more democratic group of the two. The war is not only between the allied powers and the Teutons. It is between men of the two types of mind in all nations. It is a spiritual war. It is war between two ways of thinking.

It is inconceivable that the powers of autocracy and reaction should win in the clash of arms, but no matter who wins on the wide field of battle, the world will never again be the same. The forces of democracy are loosed more than ever before. The fate of this or that ruler or nation makes little difference in the grand result. The war tries all things, stirs up all things, shakes loose shackles, obliterates old ways of thought, and the elements settle in new forms.

France at last is utterly democratic. Great Britain

is freer than ever before. Even in Germany and Austria, democracy is stirring. Even in Russia millions of human clods are feeling themselves men and gathering a strange sense of power. The world's spectators are seeing, too. And never again will nations trust their destinies and ideals in the hands of irresponsible men in crowns or uniforms.

Democracy will not emerge all at once. There may still be vast struggles in Russia, possibly between Russia and the rest of Europe, before the war of ten thousand years is won. But the end is certain. It will be a world democracy. The present war may be the greatest contribution to that end since time began. And if so, it will be worth all the blood and treasure and pain that it costs.

## THE WAR FAN.

A certain citizen who makes no pretension to scholarship, but admits an interest in history, is having the time of his life—reading the war news. He buys great quantities of newspapers and magazines, and reads every line about the war. He studies all the war maps and follows all the campaigns in detail from day to day and takes a personal interest in all the generals and statesmen playing important parts. He has no prejudices or sympathies; his interest is wholly intellectual.

"For twenty years," he says, "I have known it was coming. All that time I have been preparing for it. I have read the history of the nations involved. I have studied the politics, the diplomacy, the military systems, racial characteristics, the geography, the economics of Europe, all with this end in view. I knew that the present struggle was inevitable, although I didn't know just when it was coming. I was afraid it wouldn't come until after my time. But here it is. All my life I have been interested in wars, and here is a war bigger and more fascinating than all the rest put together. I thank God that I have been permitted to live in this time, and watch the great drama unfold."

Perhaps this "war fan" is not to be held up as an example for general emulation. And yet his attitude serves to illumine the surprising indifference that many presumably intelligent and cultured people show toward the war.

As a great historical event it very likely is as important as this enthusiast represents it. And yet there are tens of thousands of Americans, including supposedly wide-awake high school and college students, who seem more interested in the petty wars of distant ages, embalmied in dusty books, than in a war "bigger and more fascinating than all of them put together," throbbing with life, affecting their own present and future in countless ways, and coming to them fresh every day in the columns of their newspapers.

## OUR "SCOOP" EXPOSED.

It seems to us confounded queer, that, having been licked to a frazzle, down on our backs, and crying for help; that pestered, pudgy peacock of a Laporte Herald, still keeps jumping onto us, kicking us in the stais, posting our defects, and calling us names. Just take a squint at this:

"What, South Bend News-Times, the paper that dies things," suppressing an auto joy-riding accident just because the participants belonged to the first families? We hope it isn't so. A paper that is so loud in fighting for the people can't possibly like anybody with silk stockings, even though they be joy-riders, sufficiently to wish to help them in their night-owling."

And still we're "scooped," by someone it seems, and don't know it. Unless the "joy-riding accident" referred to is the one that the board of safety is investigating our evening contemporary for telling about, asserting that it never took place, etc., we're up against it. But heavens, folks, the "participants" in that didn't "belong to the first families," did they? We doubt if Patrolmen Parker and Miller could recognize "silk stockings" were they to see them, while as to the third party, "deponent saith not."

Maybe an accused trio like that would pass off for the "first families" in Laporte—we don't pretend to know. In South Bend, however, it isn't admitted even if true, lest the "participants" might be sort of "stuck-up" on themselves, and refuse to recognize us. Still we sort of anticipate that they may be of the "best" families, probably as good as the "first," even if not "silk stockings." And, anyhow, if this is the case at bar, the "scoop" was not permitted on account of those things. You can't blame us for not getting and printing a story that never was.

We are "the paper that does things"—not the paper that does no-things.

## DEPENDABLE VEHICLES.

Again the transcontinental automobile record has been smashed. A car leaving New York city on a Monday reached San Francisco the following Saturday afternoon, making the 3,390 miles in 5 days, 14 hours and 40 minutes. The machine used was not a racer, but a standard car.

The presumption is that, barring unusually bad luck, almost any owner of a good car who knows how to get the most of it could accomplish the same feat. Automobile building has now reached such a degree of perfection that the only question of endurance and dependability rests with the driver, not the mechanism.

A telephone expert, rejoicing over successful efforts to send music through the ether, says that the tunes now projected into space by wireless telephones will reach the North star in 45 years. And if the polar star begins to act a little wobbly about half a century from now, we may be sure it will be because of the rotten music we've sent it.

A self-supporting woman, according to the Massachusetts minimum wage commission, can't live decently on less than \$8.95 a week. It might therefore be supposed that the commission would have recommended a minimum wage of \$9 a week, instead of \$8.75. But the ways of Massachusetts have always been unfathomable.

The defeat of Congressman "Cyclone" Davis of Texas for renomination is undoubtedly due to his breaking away from the practice of a lifetime, and wearing a boiled shirt and white collar. How could he expect his constituents to forgive such an ignominious surrender to the conventions of an effete civilization?

One of the unforeseen effects of infantile paralysis is movie paralysis. Wherever the disease breaks out, the moving picture business falls off.

Maybe after Grand Duke Nick has kicked the Turkish army a few more times, the British will be able to stand up against it.

## G. W. Perkins Was Against Delivery of Progressives

"As matters stand today it would be more easy to make an argument for our affiliating with the democrats than it would be with the republicans."

Less than a year ago George W. Perkins wrote the foregoing. He is the same Mr. Perkins who is now endeavoring to "deliver" the progressive party to the G. O. P. organization. The statement was occasioned by the action of Frederick Davenport and Theodore Douglas Robinson in going back to the republican party in New York state.

Mr. Perkins is now a member of the republican campaign committee. His arguments of less than a year ago, when he was a progressive, however, carry just as much force today as they did then.

Mr. Perkins, August 9, 1915, wrote: "The idea of trying to deliver voters en masse to another party seemed so utterly out of order and unfair, and seemed to be striking so at the very heart of our whole organization that after careful consideration and consultation with a number of our friends, I decided to go to the Buffalo meeting, which was by far the largest one, and protest, in the name of the national organization, against any such action."

Looked for Penitent G. O. P. Mr. Perkins also wrote: "The argument of Messrs. Davenport, Robinson and Hamlin is that we are so weakened that we cannot hope to win; that if we go back en masse to the republican party we can reform the party from within and accomplish the undoing next year of the bosses and reactionary tendencies of that organization."

"To my mind this is such an absurd proposition that it hardly requires an argument against it. If there had been during this year or any time since 1912 any indication that the owners of the republican party had in the slightest degree recognized their errors and reactionary inclinations, then the question of returning to that party might be a debatable one, but every one of us knows that they have shown no such inclination, and on the contrary, wherever they have had a chance, have been more reactionary than ever."

Mr. Perkins also wrote: "Indeed, the very fact of our returning now, with all the things that the republican party has done since 1912, would have to be constructed as endorsing all these actions, and as a complete surrender on our part and an acknowledgment that we were wrong in 1912, and would knuckle under and obey the men whom up to date we have we have denounced."

His Opinion of Democrats. Mr. Perkins also wrote this: "On the other hand, the democrats are showing some indication of being in favor this next winter of the tariff commission. They have at least taken a tiny little bit of a step in our direction on the great trust and corporation question. In this state (New York) the democrats have given us the only social justice legislation that has been enacted, while the republicans have since tried to nullify that legislation."

"You all know that personally I am opposed to democratic rule; that I have not approved of President Wilson's policies. No one can accuse me of leanings in that direction, but as matters stand today it would be more easy to make an argument for our affiliating with the democrats than it would with the republicans."

## WITH OTHER EDITORS THAN OURS

CHILDREN AND BOOKS.

(Worcester, Mass. Gazette.) "There is nothing so harmful to the world as a bad book, because it touches the subtlest and most delicate of our powers—the imagination; it leaves a scar on the heart and a stain on the mind." That is what Hugh Black thinks about reading a bad book, and I am greatly inclined to think the same way, aren't you?

In the case of an older person, the reading of bad books is marked or less of a desire to be curbed or given into at will, but when we begin to think of the books we wish to have our children read it's a much harder problem to solve. Children need a literature of their own, a literature of such a soundness that they will not only unconsciously look for the best in literature, but the best in life as well. woefully lacking it is true. Authors, publishers, librarians and parents realize this, but there are still stories enough to start the children in the right path.

To begin with the small child who first shows an interest in the story hour. The stories they like best are the old stories of course, the fairy stories, the tales of adventure and the myths. Here in this beginning of the literary taste, great care should be taken. Old myths and legends were written for adults, remember, but their action and highly colored allegory make them the most entertaining of stories, when told in a simple way. Then the old, old fairy stories of Andersen and Grimm, and the Mother Goose rhymes, and simple little poems that come from Robert Louis Stevenson, and ever and ever so many more are at the hand of every mother for the story telling hour. These stories, starting out with the best, will develop a literary taste in the child to a greater degree than the childish

## THE MELTING POT

FILLED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF

## NEGLECTED RICHES.

We often yearn for riches and we often sigh for fame. And all the other big rewards of those who win the game. We calculate the happy things we'll think and say and do. When our extremely drowsy dreams succeed in coming true, it's then we'll lift the lid of joy and hurl it far away. And life will be distinctly grand, conspicuously gay.

But wealth and happiness may very instantly expand if we'll appreciate the things already in our hand. The million-dollar sunshine in an opulence of sky. Which heirs cannot monopolize nor new-made money buy: The lilies floating in the mirrored wonders of the ponds. Are far beyond the prices reached by current stocks and bonds.

An honest kiss delivered by a true and honest maid is quite outside the figures known to articles of trade. A day in spring, a night in June, the moonlight on the hills. We often fail to value in the absence of the bills. We race for riches far and wide and seek them low and high. While gold and diamonds at our feet we pass unheeding by.

A. B. B.

Among the other things out at the carnival grounds, noticed by us was a sign which read "5 cent children."

Useless things—A deaf and dumb delegate at a woman's convention.

## IN TOPO.

Referring to the Berlin report of the Zeppelins' visit, London has only this to say: "The press bureau is informed officially that the German statement is untrue virtually from beginning to end."

Add horrors of being a member of the militia—Every member is forced to bathe twice a week.

## PERSONAL ITEM.

Adam Crook, who has been incapacitated by the recent hot weather, is able to resume his duties.

Yesterday we noticed two men standing on a corner. They were engaged in a heated argument and as we passed them we slowed up our steps and discovered they were talking politics.

Over in the east, it is claimed parents are feeding beer to their children. There must be too many breweries there or there is something wrong with the fathers' capacity.

## A POEM.

(Not written by, but dedicated to, Charles Evans—not Warren—Hughes.)

When seated on the bench, I preserved my dignity, But now that I'm a candidate, you see a different me. I'll stick it out till my coin is spent; I'll kiss the babies. And greet the ladies, For I sure want to be your president.

## TRAGEDY.

Here is a head that explains itself: Actress seeks a divorce. Says man she thought was rich deserted her.

Among the advice handed out on "how to keep cool" is this: "Don't stay in the water too long." It's likely to be fatal.

THE LIFE OF JAKE HECKAMAN. Vol. 2, Chapter 8.

The subject of this sketch was gratefully pleased this week to learn that this work, the perils of Mister Jake F. T. A. Heckaman is being read quiet extensively in the New England states wherever they be. We had to confess to Mister Heckaman we did not know exactly where New England is, but it must be England

little stories mothers manufacture as they go. Besides they are more interesting, and in addition they give the child a richer heritage than the one who never hears of such tales until he or she studies English at college.

## FIRE LOSSES.

Springfield, (Mass.) Republican. Insurance companies, of course, keep a close watch upon fire losses, not only from month to month, but from day to day, for it is with them a matter of business. But such a waste of no less interest to all of us, for every owner of a building is interested in that which affects the rates he must pay. For the first four months of this year the fire loss in the United States and Canada amounted to \$97,555,420, as compared with the loss of \$70,168,600 for the same period in 1915 and of \$88,162,540 in 1914. Last year's record as a whole was by comparison a favorable one, and this year starts off badly. March was an especially bad month, with fire losses amounting to \$38,820,250, while the April loss is only \$12,681,050. Nowhere in business is preparedness more to be desired than in guarding against the loss caused by fire. Carelessness and criminality are always playing too large a part in this matter. We are making progress in the direction of better regulation of building in the cities, but more than all else eternal watchfulness and honesty are needed.

## DAN PATCH DEAD.

Illinois State Register (Springfield). The name Dan Patch is known from ocean to ocean. Probably no horse in modern times has had such a large host of admirers and worshippers as Dan Patch, the pacing champion of the world. This speed horse established the world's pacing record of 1:55 in St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 8, 1906. This mark has stood by itself and it is doubtful if it will be equalled during our time and generation.

Although horse racing has been superseded to a great extent by the automobile speed demons, who have annihilated distance and time, yet no piece of machinery driven by death-defying driver has ever sent



WHEN lunch or supper seems a long time off and you're hungry, eat Uneeda Biscuit.

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## Every-Head-of-the-House

—in South Bend doubtless knows that Electric Lights have been for years steadily dropping in price.

Every Head-of-the-House doubtless knows that Electric Lights are the best lights.

We wonder sometimes, though, if every Head-of-the-House knows that Electric Lights are the cheapest lights, everything considered. Investigate.

## I. &amp; M.

## NOT HER.

"What e'er you do," he wrote to her, "Be sure and burn this letter." But she was wise and had a plan. She knew was much the better.

But now he's wise, and he does know. That always it's far better To say the thing and never send A throbbing, burning letter.

Add to light occupations—Those allied warships waiting for the Deutschland to leave port.

So far all the drives we have read about while following the war in Europe should be classed as "pushes."

In a drive you get somewhere. You can't chase it away. The heat.

## WANTED AT ONCE

Names of Former Residents of St. Joseph County

That an invitation to attend St. Joseph county's great Indiana centennial celebration Oct. 3, 4 and 5 may be sent to every former resident of St. Joseph county, persons having their addresses are urgently requested to at once fill in the accompanying coupon and take or send it to the Chamber of Commerce immediately.

## COUPON

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